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THE NEW PASTORAL.

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THE BAIRD PRIZE POEM.  
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No Minstrel I to chaunt the wars of old  
Whose bruised monuments may yet remain,  
Nor pipe the Doric lay the warm love told  
O'er Cool Sicilian vale or English plain;  
But where the evening's taper faintly glows,  
Beyond the fabled, far Hesperides,  
Farther than where Apollo round him throws  
The purple mantle of the jeweled seas,

Musing I stray into a forest deep  
That marks no storied action's conscious scene,  
But all whose tranced boughs in silence keep  
The secrets of their ancient mood serene;  
Wild oracles old Druids might construe  
In Runic syllables of wizard lore;  
The wood-notes that the bards of Hellas knew;  
E'er Cynthia bade them seek her haunts no more,

Before me troop no bands of sylvan mirth  
That only in old legend'ries abide ;  
No elfin crew to delve enchanted earth  
No fays to swarm the moonlit country-side ;  
The Nymphs and Satyrs now no longer rise  
To gird with nimble feet the leafy copse,  
To charm the sight of unaccustomed eyes,  
Or frame rude fingers to the tender stops.

But why lament such plaisance should have failed,  
When all its favored spots dismantled lie,  
Or to the harp rehearse what long has paled,  
The glory of the brook and smiling sky ?  
Why should we ever care to break the spell  
Of Circe's mad voluptuous deceit,  
Lured by the perilous music of her shell,  
Won by the baubles of an age effete ?

When winter bare hath stript the green-wood tree  
Whose summer guise did cast such pleasing shade,  
And long is sped the winged minstrelsy  
That poured its anthems over field and glade ;  
When Colin may not tune his slender reed  
Unto the mazy ripples of the rills,  
And all the sounds to reach his flocks that feed  
Are but the roaring of the distant mills,

The muse I'll seek in woodland dells a space  
Where slow decay has strewn its glowing mould,  
Where Phosphor's mystic flames devour apace  
The lusty sinew of the forest old.  
Then to some depths of shade I would repair,  
And harken while Pierian voices sing,  
While torrents leap and sparkle through the air,  
And sweet birds never cease their jargoning.

Ay! never should I leave my native green  
To clamber where Parnassus towering stands,  
And frights such souls as walk with lowly mien  
Or till the glebe of raw uncultured lands ;  
Nor pausing in some vaulted minster's aisle  
To frame dull thought to penitential mood ;  
But studious of the wilderness, the while,  
That lifts man up through Nature unto God.

O, but to feel the old Bucolic glee  
Which Simple Nature pours through every sense,  
That warmed the life and set the pulses free  
To taste and prove its wild enravishments !  
O for a faith which would all doubt forestall  
That wonders why men scoff and lightly say :  
" Where is the coming promised to befall ;  
The world fares still as in the former day ? "

So like the darkness that proceeds the dawn,  
Night's sable arms arrayed against the light,  
The shadows lurk upon the upland lawn  
To hide the advent of those footsteps bright  
In hateful gloom ; till from some orient bay  
Wan Lucifer with his star flocks shall creep  
A beacon host before the happy sway  
Of One who is " the Shepherd of the Sheep. "

Then heavenly Thalia, muse of pastoral song,  
Leave Dionysus old of cloven hoof,  
Take up thy harp and let its measures throng  
To tend the feet impaled in great Love's proof ;  
Take up thy harp and swell the Master's praise  
So long in tuneless numbers languishing,  
And calm those souls impatient of delays  
That bide the while in luckless reckoning.

Not Colin's woe at unrequited love,  
Nor laggard Daphnis now shall be our theme ;  
Bind not the myrtle and the gay fox-glove,  
O neatherd loath to leave an outworn dream.  
E'er that glad morn shall break upon thy view,  
Some epithalamy thy muse must bring,  
Some token of the marriage feast full due  
Between the wistful spouse and shepherd king.

On hills of Arcady thy herds shall bask,  
Or freely range where deathless shades embower,  
Whilst thou dost strive at the appointed task  
In expectation of that blessed hour,  
So when its blushful dawn at last appears,  
The Golden-age long lost thy soul shall see  
Content this scanty span of mortal years  
Should blend spontaneous with eternity.

—Charles Hay Morton.

**THACKERAY IN HIS VERSE.**

Thackeray put himself into his writings to a degree that few men in literature have done. This is why people love him. This is why they love to read his works. He had a great, warm-hearted, kindly nature, and it shows, it had to show, in every page his pen inscribed. So that it is not for the beauties of the diction of his works nor for their beauties of thought that people so eagerly peruse them, it is to get at that wise, lovable man who is behind and but scarce concealed by them. Readers feel that they are making a friend of the author—a friend moreover who is well worth having, a generous, sympathetic, broad-minded friend who will sorrow with them and help them in their troubles, and rejoice and be glad with them in their blessings, himself a man who has known joy and is not unacquainted with grief. One does not get this in reading George Eliot, nor Jane Austen, nor even in brave, great-hearted Scott. Neither is it to be found in Dickens. The first with her cold, analytic style, leaving the impression of some vast ingenious machine built to register with mathematical accuracy the emotions and motives of men and their reaction and influence upon their lives, puts herself into her writings to be sure, but in a very different way, and what she does put repels much rather than attracts. The second with her undoubted knowledge of men and women, and her shrewdness of observation yet lacks those essentials of Thackeray's charm, sympathy and the personal element. Sir Walter, knightly and gallant gentleman, cultured man of letters and brilliant author, gave himself no chance along this line. The more's the pity, for he was such a man as one might wish to know. Dickens, well Dickens did not have the gift of writing himself into his works (he never attempted it except in *Copperfield*) and it is to be doubted whether if he had had it, it would

have been a wise thing for him to do. With none of these, and if not with these how much less with the "lesser breed" that have sprung up innumerable since them, with none of these may one as he reads his books enjoy that wonderful and pleasant sensation of taking hold of a strong outstretched hand whose firm kind grasp assures him of the warm heart and friendly feelings that lie behind. After reading them you do not feel that you know the author. You have learned perhaps a little of his mental cast, a few of his thoughts and some of his opinions, but him you do not know. He is not in the pages before you, merely his talent is there. How different is the case when you read Thackeray. You get all those feelings and that knowledge from his writings. You get the same things in Lamb and Montaigne, and in a somewhat lesser degree as you read Charlotte Brontë, for surely no one can read of Lucy Snow, or of Jane Eyre, without feeling that he is learning of the character of her creator, and making a friend of her.

Now of course it is to Thackeray's prose that we look for autobiographical facts and incidents. 'Pendennis,' 'Vanity Fair,' 'Lovel,' 'The Sketch Books,' 'The Snob Papers,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry,' to mention no others, all are full of personal matter. But while it is true that the prose contains practically all the autobiographical details in his writings yet it is equally true that in Thackeray's poetry we find reflected very accurately his emotions at various crises and periods of his life. And much of his poetical work is quite as characteristic of him as the most of his prose. It was the nature of the man to write very unreservedly his thoughts as they came to him at any time, and as he was fond of rhyming when he had no pressing serious work on hand it is not strange that some of his best and truest utterances found their way into verse. I venture to say that there is nothing in all Thackeray's

prose works more calculated to give a true impression of his gentle and noble character than the 'End of the Play,' or 'Vanitas Vanitatum,' or the 'Pen and the Album,' and nothing more characteristic of his temperament and thought than the 'Ballad of the Bouillabaisse.' And surely there is nothing in his prose that touches the heart and gives one to feel the sympathy of their author more than those four bits of verse.

It was also characteristic of Thackeray when he had been writing thoughts of the most exquisite sweetness and pathos, suddenly to break off and laugh at himself a little and go on in a light and even flippant tone, or, in just the opposite case when he had been allowing his fancy and humour to carry his pen through the lightest and most whimsical measures, in a moment to drop into a vein grave and pensive and even gloomy. Examples of this sort of thing may be found in great frequency in his correspondence. And his poems are full of them. See how he breaks off in that fine old ballad of the 'Chronicle of the Drum' and drops into sudden seriousness in the lines beginning "'Twas thus old Peter did conclude," ending in those melancholy reflections over the tomb of Buonaparte

"But what care we for war and wrack,  
How kings and heroes rise and fall?  
Look yonder in his coffin black  
There lies the greatest of them all.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Though more than half of the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own  
And borrowed from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

"He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
And more than half of the world was his,  
And somewhere now in yonder stars,  
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is."

And note again the change from the merriest burlesque to gentle and loving thought in the 'White Squall.'

After an excellently humorous account of the terrible storm and the confusion and dismay of the sea-sick passengers, he closes with these simple words

"And when, its force expended  
The harmless storm was ended  
And as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea,  
I thought as day was breaking,  
My little girls were making,  
And smiling and waking  
A prayer at home for me."

Just one further example under this head. These lines were written in a letter to Mrs. Brookfield in 1848. He says "I was making this doggerel instead of writing my *Punch* this morning, shall I send it or no?"

"'Tis one o'clock, the boy from *Punch* is sitting in the passage here  
It used to be the hour of lunch at Portman Street, near Portman  
Squere.

O! stupid little printer's boy, I cannot write, my head is queer,  
And all my foolish brains employ in thinking of a lady dear,

\* \* \* \* \*

You'd understand you little knave, I think, if you could only see her  
Why now I look so glum and grave for losing of this lady dear,  
A lonely man I am in life, my business is to joke and jeer,  
A lonely man without a wife, God took from me a lady dear."

I think I like Thackeray best when he is in this mood. There is something about the sudden change of tone and feeling that is very human, and it makes one feel a little nearer to him than at any other time.

To give an example of the change mentioned first above—from grave to light—it will be sufficient merely to quote the last stanza of another poem to Mrs. Brookfield in the same year, and the author's remark at the end; after writing several lines in a melancholy strain he concludes

"Poor baulked endeavours incomplete!  
Poor feeble sketch the world to show,  
While the marred truth lurks lost below!"



What's life but this? a cancelled sheet,  
A laugh disguising a defeat!  
Lest tear and laugh and own it so.

(Exit with a laugh of demoniac scorn. I send the very original drawing to these very original verses.)"

One likes Thackeray the better for that remark at the close of a very sorrowful poem. He had that half-shame of any display of sentiment or emotion which is one of the brave characteristics of the men of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Thackeray had to put himself into his poems more than into his prose writings to make them a success. This may readily be seen if you take such songs as 'Ah! black and barren was the moor,' the 'Rose on the balcony' and the 'Song of the Violet,' serious attempts at versifying into which he himself did not enter. They are failures. Thackeray was not a born poet nor was he one by profession. It is not known that he ever attempted to perfect himself in the art at all. He simply dropped into verse from time to time almost unconsciously and without effort. It is this which has given to so many of his poems that rare personal charm. When he did not write in this way—when he simply ground it out to order—the result was bad. Two exceptions however must be noted to this rule. 'At the Church Gate' is a very exquisite and noble expression of a lover's adoration, and well worthy a quotation. These are the last two stanzas:

" Knell, undisturbed, fair Saint!  
Pour out your praise or plaint  
Meekly and duly;  
I will not enter there  
To sully your pure prayer  
With thoughts unruly.

" But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place,  
Lingering a minute  
Like outcast spirits who wait  
And see through heaven's gate  
Angels within it."



This is the poem which Pen ground out in his little rooms in the Temple, which so pleased Warrington, and which gave Pen his start in literary life in London. The other is the 'May Day Ode' which is a very good serious effort. The author's own spirit is lacking but there is the presence of a splendid subject to make up for it. It is in this poem that Thackeray speaks of the 'friendly anchors' of the U. S. frigate 'St Lawrence' which lay at that time in an English harbour. He was always very friendly disposed toward America for all that he hit off her sailors in a bit of a satire called the 'Yankee Volunteers.' In a letter to Mrs. Procter written shortly after landing in this country in 1852 he says "If I can do anything to show that my name is really Makepeace and to increase the sources of love between the two countries, then please God I will."

Thackeray made four translations from the German, the two poems in which we find a little of himself are good, the other two are not. The two good ones are 'The King on the Tower' which he must have felt, so to have translated it as he did; and 'To a Very Old Woman'; which ends thus beautifully:

"A moment and thou sinkest to rest!  
To wake perhaps an angel blest  
In the bright presence of thy Lord.  
Oh, weary is life's path to all  
Hard is the strife and light the fall  
But wondrous the reward!"

Of the lighter poems into which he did not put so much of himself 'The Commanders of the Faithful' and 'Larry O'Toole' are delightful, especially the latter with its catchy rhythm,

"You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,  
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;  
He had but one eye  
To ogle ye by  
Oh murther but that was a jew'rl!  
A fool  
He made of the girls, dis O'Toole."

I do not like the 'Love Songs Made Easy,' with the possible exception of 'To Mary,' Mr. Merivale to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no Thackeray in them nor no poetry either, for that matter. We see their author in a better light in his kindly little poem on 'Lucy's Birthday' or in his fiery 'Jacob Homnium's Hoss,' or in the more or less characteristic 'Age of Wisdom,' and 'The Last of May' and the closing stanza of the 'Garret' (an imitation of Béranger) or best of all, perhaps, in 'Fairy Days,' the quaint, tender little poem of 'faërie land' which he wrote for the little people whom he loved so well.

The five poems in which Thackeray was at his best and by which he is best known and loved are the 'End of the Play,' the 'Bouillabaisse,' the 'Pen and the Album' 'Vanitas Vanitatum,' all mentioned above, and the 'Cane-bottomed Chair.' In his very meagre and prosaic 'Life of Thackeray,' English Men of Letters Series, Anthony Trollope speaks of the "mixture of the burlesque and the pathetic" in the last named poem. The absurdity of this statement is only to be outmatched by his very quibbling and inaccurate criticism of Fanny's dress, as described in the eleventh stanza. The man not only had no music in his soul but he could not appreciate or even hear it when it was in the soul of others. Burlesque! If ever there was a poem absolutely free from any touch of the burlesque, it is this one. It is written in a light vein, if you please, but it is all the more tender for being light. It opens thus:

"In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,  
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,  
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,  
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs."

He then 'mounts to this realm' and looks round on all the worthless 'old knick-knacks' with which it is filled, lingering lovingly over the 'foolish old odds and foolish old ends' old armour, prints, pictures, 'cheap keepsakes from

friends,' pipes, tables and chairs, and the old Roman lamp, and the dagger and rug from the Turcoman's camp—all these and more he mentions with a tender word or two. He finishes his survey with these exquisite lines,

"Long, long, through the hours and the night and the chimes.  
Here we talk of old books and old friends and old times,  
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia  
This chamber is pleasant to you friend and me."

Then he speaks of his choicest treasure, his old cane-bottomed chair, dear to him far above all his possessions else, because 'Fanny' had sat there, 'his patroness sweet' and the 'queen of his heart and his cane-bottomed chair.'

"When the candles burn low and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—  
I sit here alone, but yet we are a pair—  
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

"She comes from the past and revisits my room,  
She looks as she did then all blossom and bloom;  
So smiling, so tender, so fresh and so fair,  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair."

Such a droll poem as it is to be sure. What rare foolery! What a very merry burlesque!

The 'Pen and the Album' is probably the best known of all Thackeray's poems. Whether it deserves that place or not, it certainly should be ranked very high among them. Thackeray put himself into it more, perhaps, than into any other of his verses. The speaker is the old gold pen that Thackeray used constantly for six years. An album sent by a friend with a request for a signature and a bit of verse, asks for some facts about the pen's master. The pen replies

"I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen  
I've served him three long years and drawn since then  
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

"Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,  
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,  
And merry little children's books at times.

"I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain  
The aimless jest that striking hath caused pain  
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

"I've helped him to pen many a line for bread ;  
To joke with sorrow aching in his head ;  
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by ;  
Stranger ! I never writ a flattery,  
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

In this connexion it is interesting to read the last sentence of a letter writtten to Mrs. Brookfield in 1850—"what funny songs I've written when fit to hang myself." Thackeray had this power to a wonderful degree. And it was well for him that he did have it. For he had more than his share of sorrow and more than his share of work, from the very first, and if he had allowed his spirits to overcome his wit we should probably not now have any 'Pendennis' and 'Barry Lyndon' to amuse us, nor any 'Vanity Fair' to teach us to be good.

The question of Thackeray's religious beliefs has long been an interesting one. In Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to 'Henry Esmond' is quoted in full the well known letter to his daughter, on the subject. It is perhaps scarcely worth while or indeed the proper place to go into it at all deeply here. Two very characteristic quotations from his letters to Mrs. Brookfield may, however, be allowed. Writing, still in 1850, he says, "ah, me when shall we reach the truth? How can we with imperfect organs? but we can get nearer and nearer, or at least eliminate falsehood," and again "I don't know about the Unseen World, the use of the Seen World is the right thing I am sure." No one can read Thackeray for even a short time and with understanding, without seeing clearly that he possessed a simple Christian faith. Many things puzzled him, of course, as they do us all, but he was wise and

strong enough to put them all aside, saying with noble Paul Philips in Mrs. Deland's wonderful 'Old Chester Tales,' 'I guess *He understands His business.*' I do not see how anyone can have a word to say unfavourable to Thackeray. It may be that partiality blinds me. He has always been my 'favourite author,' and the more I learn of him and the more I read him, the more reason do I see for keeping my opinion of and regard for him unchanged. He was so shrewd and so kindly; so honest, so noble-hearted. His views of life were so fine and strong and true; and himself so gentle; so cheerful and longsuffering. His, too, was that 'precious natural quality of love' which he himself ascribed to Lamb, and which made him an optimist, and a well-wisher to all his fellow men. And read his works; did any writer ever so combine benevolence with cynicism, pathetic, humane truth with irony? 'Vanitas Vanitatum' says Mr. Merivale, may be considered as his '*Credo.*'

"How spake of old the Royal Seer?

(His text is one I love to treat on)

This life of ours, he said, is sheer

*Mataiotes Mataioteton.*

\* \* \* \*

"What theme for sorrow or for scorn!

What chronicle of Fate's surprises—

Of adverse fortune nobly borne,

Of chances, changes, ruins, rises!

"Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,

How strange a record here is written!

Of honours dealt as if in joke;

Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

"How low men were, and how they rise!

How high they were and how they tumble!

O vanity of vanities!

O laughable, pathetic jumble!

\* \* \* \*

"Oh vanity of vanities!

How wayward the decrees of Fate are;

How very weak the very wise,

How very small the very great are!

"What mean these stale moralities,  
 Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?  
 Why rail against the great and wise  
 And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

"Pray choose us out another text,  
 Oh man morose and narrow-minded!  
 Come turn the page—I read the next  
 And then the next and still I find it.

"Though thrice a thousand years are past  
 Since David's son, the sad and splendid,  
 The weary king ecclesiast,  
 Upon his awful tablets penned it,

"Methinks the text is never stale,  
 And life is every day renewing  
 Fresh comments on the old, old tale  
 Of Polly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

"Hark to the Preacher, preaching still  
 He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,  
 There at St. Peter's of Cornhill,  
 As yonder on the Mount of Hermon,

"For you and me to heart to take  
 (Oh dear beloved brother readers)  
 To-day, as when the good king spake  
 Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars."

Of the 'End of the Play' little need be said. It is the most beautiful and the finest of Thackeray's poems. It falls like the benediction of a great man,—an old man's words of wisdom and advice and good cheer drawn from the depths of the riches of his experience to his younger brothers just setting out upon the journey of life.

"The play is done; the curtain drops,  
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell,  
 A moment yet the actor stops,  
 And looks around to say farewell.  
 It is an irksome word and task;  
 And when he's laughed and said his say,  
 He shows as he removes the mask,  
 A face that's anything but gay

\* \* \* \* \*

" And in the world as in the school  
I'd say, how fate may change and shift ;  
The prize be sometimes with the fool  
The race not always to the swift.  
The strong may yield, the good may fall  
The great man be a vulgar clown,  
The knave be lifted over all  
The kind cast pitilessly down.

" This crowns his feast with wine and wit :  
Who brought him to that mirth and state ?  
His betters, see, below him sit,  
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?  
Come brother in that dust we'll kneel  
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

" So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends untimely killed ;  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
And longing passion unfulfilled.  
Amen ! Whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whitened with the winter snow.

" Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young or old accept their part,  
And bow before the awful will,  
And bear it with an honest heart,  
Who misses or who wins the prize  
Go loose or conquer as you can ;  
But if you fail or if you rise  
Be each, pray God a gentleman."

And last I have to speak of the 'Ballad of Bouillabaisse.' This poem breaths the very spirit of Thackeray. It was just the sort of thing he liked as he grew older,—the going back to old familiar places, and thinking on the old familiar faces so closely associated there, now gone forever, and moralizing a little bit, and then smiling at his own 'weakness,' and calling loudly to the waiter and talking freely with him of old times,—but always with a tear



in his eyes, and his lip just a little unsteady. The poem is full of tender reminiscence, and thoughts that struggle to be cheerful, of a time that's gone. In the next to the last stanza is the well known reference to his wife. In 1840 he returned from Belgium to find her suffering from mental trouble. It deepened and finally became so serious that she had to be removed to a place where she could be properly cared for and in comfort. Her mind was completely gone. This misfortune saddened all Thackeray's after days—for he had loved her well—but he came out of the trial as he always came from his seasons of suffering, purified and chastened but not embittered.

" Ah, me ! how quick the days are flitting !  
I mind me of a time that's gone,  
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
In this same place—but not alone.  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me  
—There's no one now to share my cup.

" I drink it as the Fates ordain it,  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes ;  
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it  
In memory of dear old times.  
Welcome the wine what'er the seal is ;  
And sit you down and say your grace  
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.  
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !"

—Henry B. Patton.

**ABOUT TWO BRUTES.**

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There is some difference of opinion as to whether the bishop was justified in feeling insulted or not. That will be left for the reader to decide.

It happened during the after-dinner talk when the ladies had withdrawn and the men had pushed back their chairs and were puffing on their long, black Havanas. The conversation, as conversation will on such occasions, had drifted through the most inexplicable variety of subjects, until, by some misfortune, prize-fighting became the topic of discussion. It was this that caused the trouble.

The bishop put a stop to all possible argument as to the relative merits of the various champions in that profession by stating emphatically that all prize-fighters are brutes.

"I know it," he declared, "I've come in contact with them as our young friend Brufeigh here can tell you. When he was collecting material for his latest book, I went through some of the worst slums in Boston with him, and if no other good ever comes of our experiences, they at least bear out the truth of my statement. To see is to believe. A prize-fighter's very looks—his vicious eye, his hard features, his under-shot jaw—his very looks, I say, go to show the cruel, vile nature of the creature. Yet they talk of the science of boxing, of the manly art of self-defense—fiddlesticks! When one man so far forgets his manhood as to tear and claw a fellow being for hire, is that science? is that self-defence? Ah, my friends, what do such men as these know of the doctrine of Faith, Hope and Charity? Bah!—they are all brutes."

When the bishop had finished, the host turned to Brufeigh and asked laughingly, "You agree with all this, Jack?"

The young author gazed silently at his cigar as if

expecting to evolve some answer from the slowly rising smoke; then, feeling that the attention of the company was on him, glanced up quickly. "I suppose you're right," he said slowly, addressing the bishop, "but there was one little incident among those slumming tours of ours that at the time almost made me think otherwise. Do you remember that night we visited 'Kelly's Corner,' bishop?"

"'Kelly's Corner,' you know," Brufleigh explained to the host, "is about the lowest dive in the lowest part of South Boston; the retreat of pickpockets, cut-throats and in fact, kuaves in general. It was to such a place that we went one night to study human life. Our ring at the door-bell caused a second-story window to be cautiously raised, and a pair of cat-like eyes peered down upon us scrutinizingly for a few seconds. The window was once more lowered. Within a muffled voice whispered hoarsely 'All right,' and the front door was grudgingly opened far enough to admit us. A policeman would have fared differently.

"When we were fairly seated on a dilapidated horse-hair sofa in the brightly lighted room inside, we began to make our observations of the characters that go to make up such a life—if life it can be called. A thin, watery-eyed 'professor' played accompaniments on what was once a piano, for the ribald singing of thugs and the drunken dancing of abandoned women. This was interrupted from time to time by 'One-leg' Kelly who would stump into the room with his never-changing 'What's the order, gents?' and then hobble back to fill the glasses with adulterated drinks. On one of these trips he came over where we were sitting and whispered confidentially, 'You happened in lucky to night, Mr. Brufleigh; that's Spider Wier, the light-weight champion, over in the corner.' Looking over in the direction indicated, I saw a dark, forbidding looking man, sitting with his chair well tilted back against the wall. To use the words of the bishop, his very looks—his

vicious eye, his hard features, his under-shot jaw, and especially the deep, crimson scar running diagonally across his forehead—his very looks marked him a prize-fighter.

"As Kelly hobbled out again, a poor, half-starved mongrel slunk past him and stood in front of us, gazing wistfully, first at the bishop, then at me. He huddled closer to the bishop, who very rightfully kicked the dirty cur away from him. The brute stood trembling there in the middle of the floor with his tail between his legs, utterly cowed. 'Here old pal, don't ye know yer friend? Come!' It was the prize-fighter who spoke. He snapped his fingers and whistled coaxingly. 'That's the boy, old pal,' and he took the dog up tenderly in his arms. 'Say,' he said to Kelly, who had in the meantime returned with the drinks, 'change my beer to a bowl of milk, will yer?' and a few minutes later the dog was greedily drinking while Wier looked contentedly on, utterly oblivious to the scoffing of the revellers around him.

"At the time I was impressed by the light of hope that shone in the dog's eyes; by the faith with which he received the caresses of his new master. And, gentlemen, would you believe it, as I looked at that hard, set face, the scar appeared less marked, and those steely eyes seemed almost kindly, and I murmured to myself 'Charity—Faith, Hope and Charity.' But what is all this to you, gentlemen? Bah!—they were both brutes. Eh, bishop?

—Robert Rudd Whiting.

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### THE DAWN OF DAY.

On her wild, gray steed of dawn the Night  
Has leaped, and fast away  
O'er hill and dale  
O'er wood and vale  
Those galloping hoof-beats play:

And when that rollicking sound is born

—Be it East or South or North—

The forests wake,

And brae and brake,

Pour all their songsters forth.

And white-lipped streams that through the dark

Have sobbingly crept along

By swamp and dell ;

Now join to swell

The world's awakening song.

And in one chorus, echoing back,

Rings out the old refrain :

"Awake, oh, Earth

To woe or mirth—

For the Day has come again ! "

—*Ralph S. Thompson.*

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### A LEGEND OF SAO JOSE.

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Some years past there lived in the town of São José a man more upright than most men and kindly in his view of life beyond the wont of his race and clime. His youth had been a long struggle against bigotry, corruption and poverty ; and slowly he had won his way, through many sacrifices and many trials, to a broad belief and a solid foundation of faith. In his face there were the lines of thought and conviction. The tale is often told of how he stood one day in the cathedral and with all the enthusiasm and fiery indignation of youth, denounced the priests who had been his teachers, appointed to instruct him that he might follow in their sanctified footsteps. For long his last impassioned sentence was solemnly quoted in São José. "Your religion ! You, who with your hypocrisy, your farcical, licentious celibacy have so polluted the faith you represent that if the women and the men who have lost their souls through your false trust could rise from their graves to

their revenge, they would hound you to your death with the din of Hell ringing in your ears. No. Give me a God of Love, of Nature, of Truth."

Then he had turned and walked out into a new atmosphere and a struggle against mighty odds. But he had won, inch by inch, until there was not a child in the town but loved him for his kindness, and not a true man but respected him for his life. His fellow citizens honoured him not only in their thoughts but with the gifts in their power and when his hair began to be shot with gray he found himself a leader of the people by their own choice.

Years alter and time effaces, but the Church of Rome does not forget. The two priests who had been so openly defied had long gone their way but the young Padre Rodrigues, wily, bigoted, deep, knew well the old tale and saw that this truly good life was spreading wide its quiet influence and undermining the strength of the Roman Catholic faith in São José.

He spent hours in scheming to overthrow this tower of strength and from his methods it may be seen that he invoked to his aid the Devil rather than God. There was not a point in the good man's life that he did not attack. He tried to harm him through his honour, through his child and through his wife. But always the serpent's sting seemed harmless where it should strike surest.

To a Jesuit there is no despair and no failure, and at last by one diabolical stroke the Padre Rodrigues won all that years of slander and open enmity had failed to gain.

One drowsy afternoon the priest mailed a large blue letter addressed to his great enemy. He mailed it secretly, in the quiet of the afternoon, when all the town was asleep behind closed blinds.

That night the upright man, tired after a long vigil at a fellow-man's deathbed, found upon his desk the blue envelope. Opening it, he drew out the single sheet, and

immediately he noticed a sickening, pungent odour in the room. He thought it came from the envelope and turning it up side down he tapped it lightly. A fine colorless powder drifted like smoke down onto the desk. Sitting down, he blew the dust from before him and laid out the sheet of paper. On it he read, "The Church of Rome does not forget." His face lightened and he laughed quietly. He had received so many of these anonymous warnings that now they scarcely afforded him amusement. Not realizing how tired he was he put his arms on the desk and dropped his head upon them. In ten minutes he was sound asleep and the sun was prying in between the shutters before he awoke.

"A week, a month, a year! Who knows?" thought the Padre Rodrigues, and waited.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twelve years later, five miles out on the road to São José, two travelers were breathing their tired horses before attempting the hot, blazing ascent of the serra which confronted them. The two men were a contrast. The one had the head of the scholar, the quick eye of the observer, the straight mouth of the ruler, and life had left its mark in many a deep line upon his dark evil face. The other was of the commonest type of countryman and was evidently acting in the capacity of guide.

In all the day's travel the guide had not been able to decide whether he travelled with a mere civilian or with a priest. To be sure the man had not on the conventional cassock and broad-brimmed black hat, but the ways of the church are strange and not to be questioned, and the guide said nothing but watched for a slip of the tongue and wondered if the man hesitated to fan himself with his hat on account of a shaven poll.

They had dismounted and were sitting under a great shade tree when the silent stranger asked his first inquisi-



tive question. He had been looking away up the sun-baked road to where it fell off, a steep precipice on the left, and was completely overhung by a great rock upon the right. On the rock was perched a rude hovel of stone and mud. It was this that attracted the stranger's attention.

"Way up on the rock there, you see that hut?" he asked.

"Yes, Senhor," answered the guide.

"I think," continued the stranger, "I see a man crouching in the doorway; who may he be?"

"Surely you are a stranger, senhor. He is the leper of São José, and ever since I was a lad has he stood on that rock at the evening hour and sounded out his curse. Senhor, it is a long league to São José, let us be moving. I heard the curse once and I liked it not."

A strange light had come into the eyes of the stranger. "Come," he said, "there is no haste. A league is but a league and to-morrow is another day. Tell me the tale of this leper."

The guide looked anxiously at the sun which was in its last quarter, at the hot road and the tired horses and then settled back comfortably against the tree.

"You will know, Senhor, that the Leper of São José has not always been a leper. I have heard many a grey-beard tell of him as a great strapping man with a genial face and a hearty, kindly nature that knew no greater pleasure than to make those who came into his life happy. All the people loved him and his, save only the padres, and they hated him with a lasting hatred, for he had a new God who claimed no tithes, who demanded no *festas* and who asked naught but love; a God as you can easily understand, Senhor, who did not suit the padres. There was one of them who came here a young man, and an evil one to all report, who they say sold his soul to the devil

on condition that in exchange he should gain power over the soul of the leper, up there. For years this padre, (his name was Rodrigues,) tried in every way to bring calamity upon the leper. But, at first, the God of the leper seemed to be a strong God and no harm reached him or his family. One day Rodrigues went away on a mission of the church and when he came back he mailed a letter to his enemy and in the letter were powdered scales from a dying leper."

"And there is where the new God failed," interposed the stranger, with a half smile which made his face the more sinister.

"Yes, there he failed," repeated the guide. "And not there only for the wife of the leper, Senhor, was beautiful and young and,—well, there came a day when she carried no food to the sealed out-house where dwelt the unclean; and the child of the leper she left behind, and who knows now whether it be alive or dead? Two days later the leper learned that Rodrigues had left São José on the same night as his wife and some say that from that moment the leper was mad. He escaped from the out-house and for a week none saw him, but then he came to the rock and there he has remained for these ten years, a grim watcher over all that travel the road to São José. Every evening as the sun falls from sight in the west the wail of his curse greets the night."

"Come," said the stranger, "We will miss the curse if we loiter here much longer. The sun is sinking."

The guide arose reluctantly and bridled the horses which had been cropping the short grass. The two men mounted and slowly began the ascent. They rode for some time in silence but as they began to near the rock a strange uneasiness seemed to be gaining possession of the stranger. His eye shifted restlessly from one object to another. At last they stopped their horses, half screened behind a scrubby bush that grew from the rough wall.

They could see plainly all that passed on the rock before them, and they did not wait long.

As the sun settled down to the horizon a gaunt figure arose from the door of the squalid hut and paced with uncertain steps to the very edge of the great overhanging rock.

The evening breeze blew the scant, weather-worn garment of the leper against his frame and exaggerated every angular deformity of limb. His arms hung in the folds of his dress and his head was fallen forward. But what a head! It was massive and had once been a thing of beauty, an emblem of strength; so much the bones, every one so ghastly in its unearthly prominence, proved. The face,—but one could not call it a face. Where were the lips,—the nose? That misshapen, ragged protuberance, surely that was not an ear! That sightless eye, how pitiful in its ugliness! Could those shrunken, formless lips speak? Was this hideous, crackling existence a man, built in the image of God?

Suddenly the arms, pitiful in their living death, were raised with a rasp of joints; the ghastly head, with its patches of stringy dry hair was thrown back; and the single seeing eye seemed to fix its gaze in the infinity of space. Slowly the corroded lips widened into a dark circle, its blackness relieved only by two long, discolored teeth. Then an impassioned, discordant wail sounded out into space as the red sun dropped from view.

The stranger, grown pale and excited, had dismounted from his horse and leaned forward as though he sought all the import of every word.

"Priest, thou spawn of Sin, where now doth the mark of Cain drive thee?

"Oh God, if there be a God, lend me thy curse; Oh Hell, thou ever-present, lend me thy tortures. Curse him Chastity, with the curse of lust; curse him, oh Love, with

the curse of hate ; curse him, oh God,—curse him with the everlasting torment of the lost soul."

The hideous sound died away and was lost on the breeze, but still that death-like form, with its fingerless, fleshless hands outstretched, stood silhouetted against the darkening sky.

The guide, struck motionless with terror, saw the stranger creeping slowly up the rock as if drawn by some mysterious and omnipotent magnet. The perspiration stood out in great drops on his glistening forehead ; his fingers moved incessantly over the surface of the rock, seeking new purchase ; his whole face, but so lately so self-contained, was drawn, and the straight mouth no longer wore the sinister half smile, but twitched convulsively.

The stranger's hat lay trampled in the dust of the road, but the frightened guide scarcely noted the flesh-white circle fringed with hair. He saw only one dark form rise before another and then,—oh God ! With a convulsive leap the leper falls upon the priest. His wasted limbs writhe with a last despairing effort about the stalwart form. His ghastly head darts forward, his two long teeth plunge into the flesh of the priest and fasten themselves on the very bone. An agonized, piercing scream mingles its discord with the echo of a ghastly laugh ; the writhing mass reels on the verge of the precipice . . . .

And now,—all is silent on the Serra save for the clattering of eight frenzied hoofs that beat the road to São José.

—*George Agnew Chamberlain.*

## THE LYRICS OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

William Blake, artist, engraver, and poet, in spite of his genius remained all his life a comparatively obscure man. Even now, when competent critics declare him to be one of the few great English artists of the eighteenth century he is less widely known than many men who were manifestly his inferiors in artistic expression. As long as he lived he was poor, wretchedly paid for some of his best drawings and on several occasions badly used by publishers. It was only at the close of his life that he gained a partial recognition from Rosetti and others who were to a great degree inspired by Blake. But although his drawings met with such slight favour his poems were still less known. Unable to find a publisher for them he engraved them with his own hand, embellishing them with marginal designs of his own invention. Published in this singular style they had necessarily a very narrow circle of readers and seem to have made scarcely any impression on his contemporaries.

In spite of his lovable character, his tenderness of disposition, and his intellect Blake was to the men of his own time and is to us somewhat of a puzzle. He was decidedly eccentric in his thought and manner, endowed with the faculty of seeing visions and holding communion with spirits under whose inspiration and guidance he wrote and painted. These peculiarities have caused many to believe him to have been insane and there was evidently something decidedly abnormal in his mind, especially shown in the dark, unintelligible symbolism of his so-called "Prophetic Books." But the discussion of these questions is not necessary to an appreciation of Blake's real poetical work, considered simply as poetry in order that we may form some estimate of its worth and meaning.

The poems of William Blake may roughly be divided

into two classes. Although many occupying a middle ground are difficult to classify, the great difference between such poems as "A Cradle Song" and "The Mental Traveller" seems to justify a division. Whether this is really a difference of kind or only of degree is one of the difficult problems connected with the study of Blake. But although a few critics would have us read into his earlier poems the symbolism of his Prophetic Books it seems reasonable to conceive that there was a development in Blake's art from the fine thoughtful simplicity which in the main characterises "Poetical Sketches" and "Songs of Innocence" to the dark mysticism and allegory of "Jerusalem" and "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." Although there was no essential change in the character of his thought and the habit of his mind and although he was perhaps a greater artist at the end of his life than at the age of thirty, Blake was not so great a poet. It is not that his more obscure poems are lacking in thought, although the meaning of some of them is difficult to grasp, nor are they deficient in vigour of expression. The fault which we find with them is that they attempt to express in poetry ideas which could be more perfectly expressed by some other means. They are weighed down by a burden of Symbolism which is at times necessary and useful in other arts but is foreign to the nature of poetry.

In Blake's "Poetical Sketches" (1783) and "Songs of Innocence" (1787) we can trace the beginnings of the great poetical revival of this century. The verse in which they are written differs fundamentally from the typical verse of the 18th century in that it seems to have been written not for the eye but for the ear. It has far more beauty of tone-colour and less frequently emphasises unimportant words by making them rhyme-words. From these faults and from that of an unnaturally inverted sentence structure which has no organic relation to the expression



of the thought, Blake's verse is comparatively free and is in striking contrast with that of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. In his love-songs these blemishes appear hardly at all and we recognise in them a finer lyrical quality than in any songs between those of the Caroline poets and Burns. It would be Herrick or Lovelace whom we should assign as the author of the following lines did we not know them to be Blake's :

" His face is fair as heaven  
When springing buds unfold ;  
Oh why to him was't given,  
Whose heart is wintry cold ?  
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,  
Where all love's pilgrims come."

But it was toward the poetry of the future rather than toward that of the past that Blake's verse most truly pointed. In the two volumes published before 1787 are sounded for the first time the great motives developed afterwards by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Burns. Like Burns and the great poets following him Blake was profoundly influenced by the revolutionary ideas which were in the air and he felt strongly the innate dignity of human life and the common bond of humanity which unites all men irrespective of race or nationality. "The Little Black Boy" and "The Chimney-Sweeper" express these ideas more directly than any of his other poems, although their spirit is felt in all of his work. In the expression of these ideas he most nearly resembles Burns, and Wordsworth in some of the "Lyrical Ballads." We are especially struck by the strong resemblance between "The Jolly Beggars" and these lines from "The Little Vagabond"—

" Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold ;  
But the Alehouse is healthy, and pleasant, and warm,  
Besides, I can tell where I am used well ;  
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell."

Blake's resembles Wordsworth hardly less than Burns



although the resemblance consists rather in a common spirit which pervades both than in any marked similarity between particular poems. His treatment of nature is much more nearly akin to Keats than to Wordsworth, as we feel in reading these lines in "Autumn"—

"Oh Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained  
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit  
Beneath my shady roof; there thou mayst rest,  
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,  
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!  
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers."

These lines, apart from the mere similarity of subject are closely akin to Keats's "Ode to Autumn" and show that the two poets although very different in some respects had certain common qualities of mind. We feel this still more strongly when we read "Tiriel" in connexion with "Hyperion." Although the two poems are essentially different there is a primitive and heroic strength in the characters of Tiriel and Ijim which recalls "the twilight of the early gods," when

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn  
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star  
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone."

In these respects and in his foreshadowing of the Romantic movement, Blake is to be classed with his successors rather than his contemporaries or immediate predecessors. His two ballads, "Elinor" and "Gwin, King of Norway" show very strongly the influence of Ossian and Percy's Reliques. Their intrinsic merit is not great compared with Blake's best poetry, but "Gwin," in spite of its turgidity of diction is full of the nervous energy characteristic of all good ballads and is well constructed throughout. "Fair Elinor" is worthless except in so far as its anticipation of the romantic poetry of Coleridge, Keats and Scott makes it interesting historically. Its resemblance to

"Christabel" is striking and it is hard to realise that the poem was written before 1783 when we read the opening stanza:—

"The bell struck one and shook the silent tower;  
The graves give up their dead; fair Elinor  
Walked by the castle gate, and looked in;  
A hollow groan ran through the dreary vaults."

The historical interest of these anticipations is apt to make us overestimate certain parts of Blake's work at the expense of other poems which have a higher and truer poetical value. His poetry, on account of the few readers whom it found is rather an index of the change working in the general thought of the time than a directly potent influence on the development of poetry. But in his wonderful tender and reverent treatment of child-life, Blake surpasses all other poets, even Wordsworth and his later rival Stevenson. Such poems as "The Lamb," "The Little Boy Lost" and "The Little Boy Found," his two "Cradle Songs" and "The Land of Dreams" reveal more truly than any of his other poems the beauty of Blake's character and the delicacy of his poetic art, which we are apt to lose sight of if we contemplate too exclusively Blake the mystic philosopher. These poems express, as no others have ever done with such perfection, the mystery, and as it were, the sacredness of childhood. Other poets have expressed, and sometimes falsely expressed their conceptions of the happiness of childhood but Blake's truer and finer penetration made him see also the sorrows and the pathos of childhood. His imagination carries him forward and backward; he sees the man in the child and stands awe-struck before the great mystery of an immortal soul springing into existence in a single point of time. It is the same mystery that Wordsworth touched upon in the "Ode on the Intimations, etc." and he agrees with Blake in his Platonic conception of the pre-existence of the soul.

In these poems appear most strongly the qualities of mind and of temperament which made Blake a true poet, his infinite, yearning tenderness, his vivid and refining imagination and that intense spirituality which looked not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen. The strength of these qualities enabled Blake to interpret childhood more truly and more perfectly than any other English poet. The "Cradle Song" beginning with the lines—

"Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming in the joys of night  
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep."

is probably the most perfect in the English language and it is especially unique in that it directs our attention not to the mother but to the child. Tennyson's

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon.  
Rest, rest on thy mother's breast,  
Father will come to the soon."

is also perfect in its kind but it differs essentially from Blake's "Cradle songs" in bringing to our minds a more complete picture, in which the mother is the principal figure, while Blake makes us see only the sleeping infant. His wonderful tact and his loving, sympathetic understanding of children is very perfectly illustrated in "The Little Boy Found;"

"The little boy lost in the lonely fen,  
Led by the wandering light,  
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,  
Appeared like his father, in white,  
*He kissed the child*, and by the hand led,  
And to his mother brought.  
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,  
The little boy weeping sought."

That one detail, "He kissed the child," would be enough to mark the poem as Blake's, for although we may

conceive of Wordsworth writing the rest of the poem he would scarcely have added this touch of nature which lifts it out of the realms of fancy into that of poetic reality. In his treatment of animals Blake's delicacy and poetic imagination are almost as great as in his treatment of childhood. He spiritualises animal life as he spiritualised everything else and his animals are not beasts but have souls very like our own. This conception is expressed in a number of his own poems, in "The Tiger," "A Dream" and in "The Lamb." The situation which he presents in "The Lamb" would have been in the hands of most poets only a false and sickly piece of sentimentalism, but as Blake treats it seems beautifully natural ;

" Little lamb, who made thee ?

\* \* \* \*

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee :

He is called by thy name,

For he calls himself a Lamb.

He is meek and He is mild,

He became a little child.

I a child, and thou a lamb,

We are called by his name

Little lamb, God bless thee !

Little lamb, God bless thee !

These qualities in Blake's work are almost unique and it is upon such poems as these and upon his love-songs that his true worth as a poet depends. His genius was so many-sided that there is a great temptation to look at him from only one point of view and thus to obtain a wrong idea of his character. By the study of Blake's poetry, however, in the light of what we know of him from other sources we shall obtain a truer idea of the man than by studying him exclusively as a philosopher or even as an artist.

—*Samuel Moore.*

## In Memoriam

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**James O. Murray, D.D., LL.D.**

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**March 27, 1899**

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What is it all, if we all are to end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,  
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

What but the murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moments anger of bees in their hive?

Peace, let it be ! for I loved him and love him forever : the dead are not dead but alive.

—Tennyson.

A noble, gentle Christian victor in heart and life is gone,—a scholar who has not left the imprint of his work upon the wax of Literature because all his time was spent in serving. And is it not better so? His name and memory will go the world's end with the many men whom this Minister helped,—some of whom he reclaimed from the blighting influences of the Shadows.

The Dean of a University is primarily a disciplinarian, and for that very reason he is seldom a popular man among the undergraduates ; he is forced to be severe, and he must stand his ground in spite of a great deal of oppo-

sition. *Fort comme le diamant* must he be, and rare indeed is that brave, staunch man of whom it can be added as we add now, *plus tendre qu'une mère*. More than all else was Dr. Murray our true friend: it was to him first of all that we went before a cane-spree or after an athletic victory; his genial presence was a greater tonic to a sick man than all the physic of the doctors, and the warnings and advice which he gave were delivered with so much gracefulness that one could not but see the justice of the criticisms. We loved the Dean with all our hearts, and we are certain that his associates did not see him in all his kindness so often as did we; for if we had to be punished, he punished us, but with such thorough sympathy that we understood; his colleagues did not need discipline and therefore could not know so well this one of his many ways, for which we honoured him. It would be difficult to find anywhere one who entered so thoroughly and appreciatively into the student-life.—who worked so loyally and faithfully, up to the very end, for those with whom he came in contact, as well as for his beloved University and for his Master's honour. And may Almighty God ever rest that kindly gentleman whom we loved, and who, although we tried him often, kept his love for us and helped us to a better manhood,—and who will ever help us until, please God, we shall all see him again, when life is done.

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**IN MEMORIAM.**

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HALL OF THE  
AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY,  
March 27th, 1899.

*Whereas*, God in His wisdom has removed from our midst our beloved friend and fellow member, Dr. James O. Murray, the Dean of this University, and,

*Whereas*, We do deeply mourn the loss of one whose memory will ever be an honour to the Society of which he was so beloved and esteemed a member; Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the American Whig Society extends to the bereaved family its heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

*Resolved*, That as a tribute to his memory, this Hall be draped for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and be published in the "Daily Princetonian," "The Alumni Princetonian" and the "Nassau Literary Magazine."

N. DEVO BELKNAP '00,  
FREDERICK P. KING '00,  
JOS. H. HILL '00,  
JAMES W. JAMESON '01,  
E. H. KELLOGG '02,

For Whig Hall.

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## EDITORIAL.

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### ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following men have been elected editors of *THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE* for the ensuing year :

JAMES HUGH MOFFATT, Md., Managing Editor.

DAVID LAURANCE CHAMBERS, D. C.

JOHN BAILEY KELLY, D. C.

HERBERT HILL MOORE, Pa.

WILLIAM F. G. THACHER, Mich.

CHARLES YEOMANS, N. J., Treasurer.

### A WORD IN PARTING.

It is difficult for us to realize that these brief paragraphs are to be the last contribution we shall ever make to *THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*. It is not our desire nor intention to review here the work of the past year. It is for others to make comparisons and say whether for another year, the magazine has been kept at the standard set for it in other days.

But before we lay down the pen and sever our connection with the *LIT.*, we wish to speak one last word in its behalf,—a word in behalf of the literary interests of the University. Since our immediate connection with the *LIT.*, does end with this number, it will be seen that we speak with entire disinterestedness when we repeat the already familiar statement that no adequate recognition is made of the time and labor necessarily expended in conducting a magazine of this kind. Surely those who have heard it so often must realize some time that there is rea-

son in the statement and justifying conditions behind it. If it be not true why has it been urged time and again by those to whom it is personally a matter of indifference, and if it be true why must this appeal be made year after year in vain?

It is unreasonable to suppose that a literary magazine can be maintained at its highest excellence when much of the time spent upon it is necessarily taken from that required in regular curriculum work. Such a state of affairs must react both on the character of the publication and upon the proper performance of other duties.

We will not stop to urge that in view of its very practical value and the opportunity it affords for the application of principles which would otherwise be only theoretical, it deserves recognition as the equivalent of at least one course in the curriculum; but we would point to the extreme injustice and inconsistency of allowing a number of men to carry on a work of this kind without the slightest official recognition of their efforts,—a work which is undeniably representative and in that sense at least necessary, and one whose discontinuance would raise a storm of protest from alumni and undergraduates alike.

When it is known—as it is known—that the work necessary to carry on the magazine surpasses that of any two elective courses offered in the curriculum, it is small wonder that in past years some of the ablest men in college have refused to try for positions which involved such an amount of extra and absolutely gratuitous labor.

The suggestion we are urging is neither original nor novel but it has the merit of importance and the sooner those with whom the responsibility rests realise its importance and take some appreciative action, the sooner will come some beginning of the long expected awakening from the literary apathy into which we seem to have fallen.

It remains but to say a word by way of parting salutation.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Professor Harper for his kindness and courtesy in criticising for us the successive issues of the *LIT.*, throughout the year.

We would thank those also, among the undergraduates who, by their contributions, whether available for use or not, have shown a special interest in the *LIT.*, and helped us in our work.

It is with a reluctance we do not care to dwell on that we must give up the use of the old office in 1 North Reunion to our successors in the Junior Class. The experience of a year's intimate connection with the *LIT.* is one which we should be sorry to have missed in spite of the criticism and ill success which may sometimes have attended our efforts, and we feel sure that when the mysterious haze of novelty which must always surround a new undertaking shall have passed away, those to whom the care of the *LIT.*, is intrusted for the coming year will realise the responsibility which rests upon them and try, as we have tried, with varying success perhaps, to make it a truly representative Princeton magazine.

We bespeak for them the hearty support and coöperation of the undergraduates and with best wishes for their success in the coming year, we give over the control of the *LIT.*, to the Board from the Class of Nineteen Hundred and bid you all, farewell.

—*Walter Collins Erdman.*

## GOSSIP.

*Valete et Plaudite*, you good people, who have witnessed the little comedy. Down with the curtain; cover up the boxes; pop out the gas-lights. Ho! cab. Take us home and let us have some tea, and go to bed. Good night, my little players. We have been merry together, and we part with soft hearts and somewhat rueful countenances, don't we?

—Thackeray.

The time has come for Gossip to write his last paper,—to say the word that has been and must be,—to bid farewell to those readers, kind and otherwise, who have spent an idle minute with him now and then during the past year. It is not always hard to say farewell. Very often parting is such sweet pleasure. For the man who leaves behind a heavy task parting holds no grief. And yet, although the periodic necessity of filling this department has become more of a burden with each succeeding month, Gossip is not glad now that the end has come. Indeed it is with a somewhat rueful countenance that he bites his pen. If there has been plenty of work, there has been no lack of fun too. The associations and even most of the work itself have been very pleasant and we little players of this little literary game have enjoyed it and have been merry together. And here's hoping that when 'vanish'd many a busy year is' we may all of us though grown 'grizzled grim old fogies' then yet be left to come together once in a while and renew these days now all but passed and drain a glass perhaps 'in memory of dear old times.' And in the mean while what is before us? Where shall we be next year at this time, and the year after that—where will ten years find us at their close? Who knows? But whatever may come, may we meet it like men. If it be good fortune may it not puff us up, and if it be evil may we bear it with a smiling face and hopeful hearts, remembering that whichever it be it may not last long, for who is down to-day may be up to-morrow and the man who thinks he is standing may at any moment fall. 'Who knows the inscrutable design?' But in whatsoever case, may we strive to do manfully our little or our larger share. May we live not as those men who

'—eddy about

Here and there—eat and drink,  
Chatter and love and hate,  
Gather and squander, are raised  
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,  
Striving blindly, achieving

Nothing ; and then they die—  
 Perish ;—and no one asks  
 Who or what they have been,  
 More than he asks what waves,  
 In the moonlit solitudes mild  
 Of the midmost ocean, have swelled  
 Foam'd for a moment, and gone.'

But rather may we live like those who

'—strive  
 Not without action to die  
 Fruitless, but something to snatch  
 From dull oblivion, nor all  
 Glut the devouring grave !'  
 \* \* \* \* \*

And now before he closes Gossip wishes to say just a word about himself. The work for his department has been hard—how hard he who has not tried to write a paper monthly with never a subject set, may not know. But once the subject found the labour has not been all unpleasant. To say what he thinks about things is an irksome task to no man, and this department has given Gossip a chance to do just that. So he has written down his thoughts more or less frankly, sometimes seriously, sometimes not. Many quick witted people have failed to appreciate his clumsy attempts at humor some still more quick witted have found humour where none was intended. He has written many things that many people did not like, this he expected ; he has written a few things that a few people did like, this he trusts that he accepts humbly with a thankful heart. But this one thing he knows, that he has never written a line intended to hurt or to offend anyone. For he has kept in mind those parting words of the gentlest and most unsnobish of Snobs, and endeavoured always to write not forgetting 'that if Fun is good, Truth is better, and Love best of all.'

—H. B. Patton.

## BOOK TALK.

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Cum libellis mihi plurimus sermo est.

—Seneca.

*The Cruise of the Cachelot.* By Frank T. Bullen. New York : D. Appleton and Company.

Mr. Kipling is fond of picturesque language and vigorous expression but he never had better cause to employ his powers in this direction nor did he ever use them to better purpose than when he said of this book in a letter to the author "It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery; . . . . . You have thrown away material enough to make five books, and I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world you've opened the door to." Certainly to the average reader it is a new world to which Mr. Bullen has opened the door, and under his guidance a most wonderfully interesting one. The aim of the volume is, in the writer's own words, "to give an account of the cruise of a South Sea whaler from the seaman's standpoint," — "a simple account of the methods employed, and the dangers met with, in a calling about which the great mass of the public knows absolutely nothing." And he states very strongly that the entire material is "compiled from actual observation and experience, and in no case at second hand," which statement becomes harder and harder to believe, though believe it we must, with every page the reader turns.

Of Mr. Bullen himself we learn but little from his book. He was once a choir-boy, later a street Arab in London, then for many years a sailor, rising at one time to the position of first mate, though not when on board the "Cachelot" where he was brought aft from the fore-castle to be fifth officer, remaining in that position till the end of the voyage. This is all we know of the life of the author. He must have been a very extraordinary kind of sailor. While on his sailing cruise he had with him a Bible, a copy of Shakspeare, and copies of "David Copperfield" and "Bleak House." He was a Christian, a lover of nature and of his fellow-men. The explanation of his literary tastes and style is suggested in the dedication to "Miss Emily Hensley, in grateful remembrance of thirty years' constant friendship and practical help" by "her humble pupil." Mr. Bullen's style, as might be expected of a seaman, is straightforward and direct, with here and there perhaps a tendency toward fine

writing and sonorous words when the temptation to rhapsodize over some particularly striking event or sight seems to have been too strong to overcome. Most of the descriptive passages however are splendidly done. It would be difficult to improve, for vividness of presentation, on his picture of two vessels which passed the "Cachelot" during a heavy gale in the western ocean. "During the worst of the weather" there came up "an immense four-masted iron ship homeward bound. She was staggering under a veritable mountain of canvas, fairly burying her bows in the foam at every forward drive, and actually wetting the clews of the upper topsails in the smothering masses of spray that every few minutes almost hid her hull from sight. It was a splendid picture; but—for the time—I felt glad I was not on board of her. In a very few minutes she was out of our ken, followed by the admiration of all. Then came from the other direction, a huge steamship, taking no more notice of the gale than if it were calm. Straight through the sea she rushed, dividing the mighty rollers to the heart, and often bestriding three seas at once, the centre one spreading its many tons of foaming water fore and aft, so that from every orifice spouted the seething brine. Compared with these greyhounds of the wave, we resembled nothing so much as some old light ship bobbing serenely around, as if part and parcel of the mid-Atlantic." This may aptly be compared with the description of the lazy life cruising in the ship's boats over the waters before Vau Vau. "But those lovely days spent in softly gliding over the calm, azure depths, bathed in golden sunlight, gazing dreamily down at the indescribable beauties of the living reefs, feasting daintily on abundance of never-cloying fruit, amid scenes of delight hardly to be imagined by the cramped mind of the town dweller; islands, air and sea, all shimmering in an enchanted haze, and silence scarcely broken by the tender ripple of the gently parted waters before the boat's steady keel—though these joys have all been lost to me, and I in 'populous city pent' endure the fading years, I would not barter the memory of them for more than I can say, so sweet it is to me."

To the majority of readers the charm of the book will lie in its many and strange tales of sea adventure, but to some at least the surprising and instructive facts scattered through its pages will prove to make no small portion of its interest. Unless they are much better acquainted with the subject than is the present reviewer, it will come as a revelation to them to learn such facts as these: that the head of a small cow whale weighs as much as three full-grown elephants; that the shaft of a harpoon is of malleable iron so soft that will tie into a knot and straighten out again without fracture; that the lower jaw of a whale is filled with large, strong teeth; that the animal's skin is so thin that it may be easily scraped off with the finger-nail; that he is strong enough to make rapid way (as one did) under water drawing behind him 7,200 feet of one-and-a-half-inch rope with weights fastened to it at intervals equal to the drag of sixteen 30-foot boats; that flying fish can



fly several hundreds of yards, changing their direction and rising and falling at will, sometimes going to a height of twenty or thirty feet; that man-eating sharks grow to a length of thirty feet and are one of the most timid fish afloat, to be frightened away by a very feeble splashing, and so on through more facts than can be given space here. It may not, however, be improper to insert at this point a few facts more directly bearing on the whaling business. A whaler such as the "Cachelot," a boat of 400 tons burthen, carried a crew of thirty-seven men; in her hold was room for 6,000 barrels of oil; every whale as soon as caught was cut up and the oil extracted and stored away, the process taking from three days to a week; a whale yields from fifty to one hundred barrels of oil, which is valued at \$8 a barrel. As soon as a ship filled up she sailed straight for home from whatever part of the world she might be. The cruise of the "Cachelot" occupied two years. She took her last whale near New Zealand, and when she returned to New Bedford had completely encircled the globe.

But the book is very far from lacking in startling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Within less than 400 pages six men meet with a violent death, one of them by murder. Water-spouts and a tidal wave are encountered, storms of all kinds are survived, a fight between a whale and an octopus is described, and another between a whale and two "killers," aided by a sword-fish, and another between the gigantic fourth mate of the ship and twelve drunken sailors, and a dozen fights between the ship's men and the whales are told in detail, each one different from and more wonderful than the last. Stranger sights than were ever conceived by the imagination of man are recounted in this book. One would never doubt again any story of Clark Russell's after reading the "Cruise of the Cachelot." Indeed, there are things in this volume that Mr. Russell would not have dared to put into any tale of his, lest he be laughed at and his reputation for veracity fall into discredit. Take this story for instance. Mr. Bullen and his men once fastened to a whale that ran with them at an amazing speed for two hours, without flagging. At the end of that time they were far from the sight of the ship and lost on the broad ocean. Suddenly the whale sounded. When he came up he started in to fight, and succeeded so well that in a few minutes, just after having received a bomb from the mate's gun in his bowels, he crushed the little boat into a hundred pieces. Then he died before he could hurt any of the men. As he lay there rolling on the deep, they climbed upon him and sat there in safety and comparative comfort. The ship was nowhere to be seen. The chance of her finding them was becoming smaller and smaller. Presently they grew hungry. One man had a knife and he hacked some pieces out of the creature's side, which they did eat. But that, while it satisfied their hunger, was salty, and produced a desperate thirst. They suffered intensely. But just then a cloud appeared on the horizon, and in a short time it began to rain in torrents. Even this would have done them no good had it

not been that the whale was curiously misshapen and had a hollow place in its side. Into that cavity the water fell, and though it was greasy, stained with blood and vilely flavoured, they drank it and kept alive. The day passed wretchedly and slowly on. Sharks came up in great numbers and fiercely attacked the carcass. It was but a question of hours until they should entirely destroy it. At last, however, just as hope was about abandoned and the sun had set, up over the edge of the horizon loomed the hull of the ship and they were saved. That is but one of many stories quite as good. Even better than that is the description of Mr. Bullen's clinging to a harpoon fastened in a large whale's back while the animal was passing through its death agonies. Another time he and a boat-load of men were compelled to spend a night in a cavern with an enormous sperm whale and the water alive with sharks. They rashly harpooned the whale, and the description of the "flurry" in that cave is something to remember. In contrast to these one very beautiful story is told of a large cow whale that died without a sign of resistance and in perfect quiet while endeavouring to protect a little youngling of not more than five days old, which she kept close to her massive breast embraced in one long wing-like fin. While the little one was "making all sorts of funny struggles in the attempt to escape, the mother scarcely moved from her position, although streaming with blood from a score of wounds." There is still another feature of the book to be noted, namely the tales of the strange countries visited and the people there met with. These descriptions are all of great interest and frequently pleasingly humorous.

The author concludes with these words: "I wish it were better performed; but, having done my best, I must perforce be content. If in some small measure I have been able to make you, my friendly reader, acquainted with a little known or appreciated side of life, and in anywise made that life a real matter to you, giving you a fresh interest in the toilers of the deep, my work has not been wholly in vain." And in another place he has said that if his "humble tome" does not become popular, "no one will be so disappointed as the author." Mr. Bullen need give himself no worry on any of these heads. He has made and is making a great number of people acquainted with a little appreciated side of life, and is giving them a fresh interest in the toilers of the sea; and the popularity of his "humble tome" is already well assured.

*Goncourt Selections.* Edited by A. Guyot Cameron, A. M., Ph.D.  
American Book Co.: New York and Chicago.

This is a book which has broken away from the effete tradition that "French texts must have minimum of exegesis, and that we must, in effect, perpetually limit them to a simplicity that needs no annotating." It is directly designed for collegiate use; but Prof. Cameron has carefully avoided the extremes into which so many editors fall, of imagining

that college men know either everything or nothing. It contains an admirable introduction on the work, style and influence of the Goncourts, a bibliography of critique, and selections ranging from "En 18—" through Edmond's Biography of Hokusai. Nor should we omit to notice the several appendices which establish on a firm basis of induction the generalizations of the introductory essay.

The hostile attitude of most critics toward the subject of his work has forced Prof. Cameron to don the wig and gown of the barrister; it has by no means forced him to Boswellian worship of a literary fetiche. Where his clients have really erred, he does not attempt to palliate their error. He frankly confesses that their technique is faulty. He acknowledges the general validity of the strictures contained in James's caustic criticism on the ethics of the *Journal*. But he assumes the moderate—and therefore strong—position, that the critics, including James, have gazed too long on the reverse, and forgotten the beauty stamped upon the face. "The Goncourts," he says, "are almost invariably judged, in hostile or negative criticism, by their crudities, or often shockingly realistic phrases, a small if marked proportion in their production."

Brauder Matthews, in one of his earlier essays, points out that, while the tend of collaboration has been toward failure, there have been famous exceptions, notably—in English literature—Beaumont and Fletcher. But the remarkable manner in which the two Elizabethans were able to blend their product is far from the ideal attained by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. In them then we have the unique instance of "unity in dual personality." They were both original, yet even their originality was cut from the same cloth. As Sainte-Beuve, whom they afterwards so roundly abused, remarked at the beginning of their career: "*Ils ont mis tout en commun, y compris leur amour-propre d'auteur.*" Prof. Cameron has observed the peculiarity of this psychological phenomenon at the very outset of the Introduction. He passes from it to a consideration of the Goncourt Juvenilia, representatives of a period marked by imagination and enthusiasm, in which were written the first chapters of a gospel of revolt. That period was followed by patient years of historical research and writing, upon which it seems likely that the Goncourts claim to immortality will mainly rest. For the histories of French society during the Revolution and the Directory, for *L'Histoire de Marie-Antoinette*, for *L'Art du XVIIIe Siècle* and *La Femme au dix-huitième siècle*, Prof. Cameron has only words of praise. With a wonderful imaging power which somehow reminds us of Macaulay, he says: "The Goncourts may have sacrificed provincial life to Paris, or, as criticism charges them, have seen history on its small side; but they first, in history, made of their relics not a cold museum of dead things, but gardens, reconstituted with finds in art, where pass not gaunt shadows, but the delicate spirits of a past time, where bosquets still echo love-words, and where from palace or in park, king or minister

still looks upon courtier and commoner splashed by playing fountain, shaded by bush, or brilliant with pouring sunlight; or where the blood upon the pave is still red and warm, while drums beat and cannons rumble or roar, and armies pass, and civilization centres its gaze at France and its capital."

Of the many interesting discussions through which we are carried in this essay, undoubtedly the most interesting are those concerning the relation of the Goncourts to the realistic movement, and the soundness of their style. Though they were among the first to mount horse for realism in the literary tourney of the century, and though they had four lances for their arming in that quartet of great novels, *Manette Salomon*, *Sieur Philomène*, *Germinie Lacerteux* and *Madame Gervaisais*, the criticism of to-day, with M. Brunetière as lord of the justing, has denied them their coveted title of realists. But the last word has not yet been spoken, and, as Prof. Cameron implies, the time may come when things "seen in a moonlight" will be "true" to the critic as things "seen in a ray of mid-day sun." At any rate, we feel sure that the elder brother had a clearer insight into the ideal purpose and future of "naturalism," so called, than almost all of his French contemporaries. He wrote not long after Jules's death, "The realistic novel, which had to begin with the '*canaille littéraire*,' is now through with it, and, in an *artistic* writing, must be the novel of elegance, and study beauty as it analysed ugliness." Whether he, himself, succeeded in carrying this into execution, is another question. But at least he, like Emile Augier in another field, saw that the whole world is greater than the half.

A defense of the Goncourt style must of necessity comprise a defense of neologism in general and of the Goncourts' neologism in particular. For "the question of style with them is less one of syntactical structure than of vocabulary," and their vocabulary is enlarged, not only—as Daudet's and Zola's—by the employment of words in common, though not heretofore in good, literary usage, but also by many verbal inventions of their own. Prof. Cameron has adopted a line of argument as conclusive as it is scholarly, as logical as it is comprehensive, and as valid as it is fair. The problem of style must be unsolved and unsolvable. It is the embodiment of the author's personality. And the style of a genius, whether marked by the simplicity of the prudish purist or by the sketchy freedom of the impressionist, is the style of a genius still. On the point of diction the Goncourts must be acquitted. Their shortcoming, it seems to us, lay rather in their tendency to make description trespass on the manor of painting. Their stories were told "with the palette always on the thumb." They wanted, too, the true poetic touch of the great artist. And in spite of their vaunted straining for the freshness of modernity, their pages breathe the close, stuffy air of the study.

Prof. Cameron's own style is figurative, imaginative, and of a nervous brilliancy. Its Gallicisms, though numerous, are not so numerous

as to be in the least offensive. It has a musical tone, which betrays the careful student of language—a tone largely lent by its alliterative character. He is especially adept in his alliteration of the labials. Here are some examples taken at random; “plebe and principle against princedom and privilege,” “pilloried the pettinesses of the inferior press,” “multitude of marshals and marquises and ministers and mistresses.” And we cannot close this review more fittingly than by applying to him the language he uses of the Goncourts: “He has invented an instrument of expression which transfers sensation to sentence.”

*Roman Africa.* By Gaston Boissier. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It has been decidedly interesting to notice during the past few years the number of announcements in the publishers' lists of books upon archaeological subjects and of books of travel with an archaeological trend. The public taste evidently inclines toward the study of antiquity much more strongly than it has generally done in the past, and demands the presentation in popular form of the material that has been gathered in the researches of modern archaeology. That such works have any great value from the point of view of the scholar is more than doubtful for they are in the majority of cases content to take their information at second hand, without much pretence of original research, and their contents are as a rule already familiar to specialists in the subjects of which they treat. This fact, however, can have little bearing upon the question of their worth as general literature, a field in which the more technical publications can never become known. M. Boissier's latest work was not written primarily to satisfy the demand just mentioned. His avowed purpose is rather a political one, and he desires that “*Roman Africa*” shall be considered as a contribution to the literature of French colonial government. Such government, he says, cannot hope to be perfectly successful unless it is based upon a careful study of the races to whom it is applied, and the first step in the study must be distinctly of a historical character. The reasonableness of this position is not likely to be called into question, in so far as the original appearance of the book is concerned, but its translation and publication in this country must be attributed to something more than an interest upon the part of English readers in the success of French administration in Tunis and Algiers.

Among M. Boissier's earlier works, it is to “*Rome and Pompeii*” that “*Roman Africa*” bears most resemblance in nature of subject and treatment. “*Cicero and His Friends*” and “*The Country of Horace and Virgil*,” which have also been translated into English, are, while one is a social and the other rather a geographical study, alike in containing a far greater personal element than the two books just named. “*Rome and Pompeii*,” however, differs from the new volume in being more exclusively archaeological, for the comparative unfamiliarity of the

history of Rome's African colonies makes necessary in their treatment a considerable proportion of pure narrative. Thus the opening chapter, on "The Natives," presents in brief and summarized form, the story of the Berber nations before and during Rome's struggle for domination over them, and uses archaeological details only as proof of facts stated or as illustrations. The chapter upon Carthage, while it contains probably less original work than any other in the book, is beyond comparison the most interesting portion of the whole work. It contains a general sketch of the characteristics of the Phoenicians, a study of the meagre remains of their city, and an account of its downfall and capture at the hands of Scipio. Unfortunately for M. Boissier's consistency of purpose, but fortunately in every other aspect of the case, he makes a rather long digression to discuss the myth of the foundation of the city by Dido, and considers in detail Virgil's treatment of her relations to Aeneas. The three central chapters of the book seem to be made up more than the rest from the results of the author's own investigations, and after an account of the Roman military occupation, describe the existing remains in the surrounding country and in the other cities of the conquered territory, Timgad being taken as a type. An account of the Latin literature of these provinces, which is inserted at this point, with an extended notice of Apuleius, strikes a note of far more general interest, although its scientific value is less than that of what precedes, and the book is brought to a close with a study of the introduction of Roman civilization among the native peoples. The plan thus outlined is a fairly comprehensive one, and covers all the essential departments of the subject. The author is especially to be congratulated that he did not yield to the inevitable temptation to speak at length of the Second Punic War, a topic foreign, indeed, to his main purpose, but so intimately connected with it as to afford some show of justification if its literature were not already so plentiful. It is most unfortunate, however, that the book was written so early as to make impossible an account of the portrait of Virgil, recently discovered at Sorothus, the first and only authentic likeness of him that has come down to us.

A word in closing must be said for the translator. French books, although the structure of their language so much resembles our own, are by no means easy to reproduce in it, and we have in "Roman Africa" that great rarity, a translation that can be read with scarcely any feeling of strangeness. The numerous notes which have been added to the several chapters are also of great use, and make clear many points which would otherwise involve considerable research on the part of the reader.

*The Stolen Story.* By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is not easy for a Princeton man to judge Mr. Williams's stories. In the case of "Princeton Stories," although we are well enough able



to decide whether they tell the truth about Princeton, a large personal equation disqualifies us from estimating their exact value as literature; for even if they were not as good as they are, we should read them and like them. It would be rather useless, then, to ask whether Mr. Williams's newer volume is better than his former one, for nearly all of us would prefer "Princeton Stories." "The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories" deal with something very different from our leisurely and easy-going life up here. The atmosphere is entirely different, and when we meet an old acquaintance, as we do in Tom Linton, we find him rather a different sort of fellow from the lazy, letters-loving chap he was in his last year at college. Mr. Williams succeeds very happily in expressing this atmosphere of Park Row so as to make it a sympathetic background for the stories he tells. This ability to express real local colour, not as an end, but as a means, is perhaps his best quality; but the method which he uses has its defects as well as its advantages. His setting is composed bit by bit, one detail at a time, so that at the end we are conscious of a vivid impression without being able exactly to remember how we got it. It is an advantage, therefore, to be able to read these stories continuously, rather than in the form in which most of them originally appeared, for each one supplements and helps the others by its connexion with them. Read singly at long intervals they appear fragmentary; but read together as a whole they have a vivacity which they do not possess in the separated members, and prove once more, to the delight of those who don't like mathematics, that the whole is in many cases not equal to but greater than the sum of its parts. But although this chatty and apparently, though not really, desultory style is very effective in building up a setting, it rather weakens the story itself. As stories they would have more force if each one had a more distinct unity and each title dealt more strictly with a single event and its circumstances. "The New Reporter," for instance, and "Mrs. H. Harrison Wells's Shoes," are really one story, and we think it would have been a better story for the repression of some details not organically connected with the subject, and a stronger emphasis upon the principal figures. The same thing is true even to a greater degree in the case of the two best things in the book, "The Stolen Story" and "The Old Reporter." These are, we think, taken together, the most serious thing Mr. Williams has yet done, and especially in the latter he has done it extremely well. This story of the gradual degeneration of Billy Woods, the best journalist in New York, his cleverness and real ability, his gradual loss of freshness and originality of style in the monotony of doing many times what he had done before, and his final downfall, is extremely effective, and holds us in suspense until the last moment. His character is singularly lifelike, and it all seems very probable. The story brings out very clearly the bad points of journalism as a career, and the false situations in which the prying busybody methods of the modern newspaper must sometimes



place a man. It is not a pleasant task to criticise "The Old Reporter" unfavourably, for it deserves high praise; but we think it would have been better if the story of Billy Woods had been told under one title, including the incident of "The Stolen Story" and the scattered references which are made to him throughout the book.

"The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain" is of somewhat a different character from the other stories in the book, and has a more distinct unity than the rest. We all read the story when it appeared in *Scribner's*, and laughed in our sleeves to think that it was all true and that most people would think it a very improbable game. It appealed to us more than to outsiders, and although some of us thought it the best of the series, an impartial judge would decide otherwise. The story is well told and is rather singular in leaving a dual atmosphere—the atmosphere of the campus and Inn, and beyond that the atmosphere of the "Day" newspaper and Park Row. The "Day" of course we immediately recognize as the "Sun," for even if we did not know Mr. Williams to have been for a year and a half a reporter upon that newspaper, the strong similarity in method between the fictitious newspaper and its chum prototype would be enough to establish its identity. Mr. Williams's style, moreover, bears the stamp which the "Sun" seems to impress upon many of its men, and if we notice in his style any resemblance to that of Mr. Davis, the fact that the latter also was for several years a member of the "Sun" staff will be enough to clear Mr. Williams of the invidious charge of imitating the author of "The King's Jackal."

*The Amateur Cracksman.* By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Hornung is already well known to us as the author of "Some Persons Unknown" and other stories. ("Some Persons Unknown" by-the-way—a book which we have hitherto neglected to mention in these pages—is a collection of excellent and entertaining short stories, many of them sketches drawn from the author's favourite field of Australian life. The stories entitled "The Star of the Grasmere," "Author! Author!" and "The Voice of Dunbar" are particularly interesting and deserve special mention).

No one can read Mr. Hornung's latest book without being at once reminded of our detective-friend Sherlock Holmes, the law-and-order counterpart of its hero, the clever and fascinating scoundrel Raffles. The suggestion of a parallel arises at once from the contrast and similarity between the two characters—a similarity of methods of procedure and of analytical reasoning in regard to their course of action, but an absolute antagonism and dissimilarity of ends in view. This parallelism would be more remarkable were it unintentional; that it is not a mere accident we may see from the brief dedication (which indeed is apt to

escape one's notice), "To A. C. D. This Form of Flattery." Certainly in this "form of flattery" the imitator has very cleverly succeeded in producing a most interesting antithesis to Mr. Doyle's famous hero. The book is made up of a series of sketches setting forth a few of the experiences of one Raffles—bred and born a gentleman, a young man well known in society and a popular athlete who is amusing himself, and incidentally keeping the wolf from the door, by the practice of burglary as a fine art.

The first sketch narrates how he helped an old school friend and confidant to financial solvency by looting a jewelry shop in the small hours of the night—a transaction to which he humorously refers as "drawing on his friend in Bond Street." This was a mercenary affair however and not wholly to his liking, for Raffles is an artist, and indeed its only redeeming feature was the scientific strategy necessary to bring it off successfully. Many of his ventures are made solely from the promptings of his artistic instincts and by no means from the sordid motives of the professional thief. As he himself says to his friend, "Necessity, my dear Bunny? Does the painter paint for bread alone? Art for art's sake is a vile catchword but I confess it appeals to me..... I would rob St. Paul's Cathedral if I could, but I could no more scoop a till when the shop-walker wasn't looking than I could bag apples out of an old woman's basket."

His fearlessness, his ingenuity and his keen insight into the probable course of events together with his complete self-possession at critical moments and his quick appreciation of the humour of a situation make him in very truth an artist in crime and one whose career we follow with unflagging interest.

Sherlock Holmes applied scientific principles of logic to the unravelling of crimes and Raffles applies those same principles of inductive and deductive reasoning in committing them, and both are equally successful in their enterprises.

We cannot speak here in detail of the separate stories. We must admit that all of them are not equally good from a critical standpoint but no one can say that any one of them is dull or uninteresting. The best and most characteristic perhaps are "The Ides of March" "The Return Match," "Gentlemen and Players" and "The Gift of an Emperor."

The concluding paragraph of the last story, which leads us to infer that perhaps after all our hero may not have met an untimely end in the waters of the Mediterranean, gives us the hope that some day we may hear more of the doings of this "social-highwayman," the Amateur Cracksman.





